

SPASMODIC CLEANUPS FAILURES; LET US STAND FOR A MORAL CITY

WHEN Nature made rattlers she was fair enough to make the rattles to go with them so that we might be warned of their presence. With the exception of scientists who were thoughtful enough to put poison labels on bottles filled with death, we humans seem to be more neglectful than nature was about appending warning signals to danger. In fact, we seem to fear the rattles of the snake more than the bite in the matter of social evils.

Every large city in the world has vice. That is one of the penalties a city has paid for size. So when we are informed by the military authorities that we have large quantities of vice here, it is childish to get squeamish about the publicity that may follow, for in that respect we are no exception to the rule. The thing for us to do is to meet the facts face to face, honestly and publicly, and exterminate the cause of complaint.

Denizens of the demi-monde fear publicity as much as they fear the law, for they realize that aggressive enforcement of the law inevitably follows publicity. What they do know is that without persistent publicity, the officers of the law often go to sleep on the job of fighting them and their viciousness. The fault lies with the good citizens. Next to us, as long as we haven't got an immortal character in our flat or in our block, don't care what happens to the town. We oppose a red light district because we think that if we can't see the crimson flag of vice, it doesn't exist. We get righteously indignant occasionally and rise up and drive the evil doers out of town. Then we subside and go on our way while the criminal and true drift back and begin anew their old practices.

There is a scientific way to combat vice. Spasmodic cleanups will not do. Government, county and city must cooperate. Women everywhere who live by immoral practices are mentally defective. This is no hard thing to say. Social reforms, but a sociological and pathological fact, known to the medical profession and to others who have given the matter thought. Instead of chasing immoral women from one town to another, whence they drift back again, these women should be interned in colonies at various places over the country by the government. The government recognizes the interstate features of commercialized vice through the Mann act and other laws, why not in this instance? By corralling and treating immoral women, at the same time putting them to work at useful things, we can change their viewpoint, and possibly prevent them, when cured, from going back again to manage the communities they came from. A like treatment should be given to immoral and perverted men who traffic in unfortunate women.

We have never believed laws could make men and women moral and clean. Laws, if scientific, can aid. But laws mean little to the woman who has a wrong environment. And the effects of this environment on her character and health can't be overcome by "driving her out of town." She simply goes to another town where "things have quieted down." It is well enough as an emergency measure to arrest and imprison, or at least to fine the proprietors and landlords who derive their incomes from the vice of their pleasure houses. This ought to be done by all means, for the plague has reached such proportions that every man and woman in town is threatened, the decent along with the indecent. Most of the people are good people. They would not tolerate the conditions that exist if they knew them. And no prudence should prevent all of the people here from knowing these conditions, so they can be armed to cope with them.

And if, as Gen. Howe says, 480 families are waiting for homes because immoral persons take up the room they need, that, too, is a matter demanding the firm and prompt action of every official entrusted with the enforcement of the law.

Meantime, let us worry less about what people will think of El Paso and more about what El Paso really is.

One of the most remarkable things in psychology is the patience of women and they are entitled to thrice the impudence of men.

When we begin to have women on juries, wives will have to quit murdering their husbands, especially if they dress fashionably.

The allies favor publicity in all German provinces where the result is certain to be unfavorable to Germany.

Little Interviews.

Think Someone Plotted To Burn Mexicali Gambling House Importation Laws Governing Flowers To Hit U. S. Florists

THOUSANDS of thousands of dollars will not replace the great gambling hall that burned a few nights ago at Mexicali, Lower California, said J. O. McClart, carnival proprietor, who has arrived here to look after his shows wintering in El Paso.

Talked with the owner of the casino as it came on here from San Diego—he was on the train—and he told me the loss could not be repaired for \$250,000. The fire was of incendiary origin, for it was found that the fire hose had been cut off at the connections. Somebody had taken a sharp knife and severed them before the firemen could get to the place.

The flames spread so rapidly that everything was consumed. Thousands of dollars worth of liquor, cartons of beer, cartons of gambling paraphernalia and bar and restaurant fixtures went up in smoke and the whole section of Mexicali near the gambling house was threatened for a time. Somebody who did not approve of the gambling institution, or someone who had a grudge against the casino-keepers set the fire.

"I expect to see more than 1000 cartons at the convention of the Texas and Southern States Association, to be held in Tucson March 2 and 3," said H. D. Pendleton. "I was in Tucson recently and they are making preparations there. It is expected that special railroad rates will be obtained for the cartons from all parts of the country. Dealers from the various districts are planning to run special trains into Tucson and already reservations for living quarters during the convention are being sent to Tucson. Entertainment, according to what I talked with in Tucson, will consist of a series of western sports, added to the usual entertainment features of Tucson. A big show is being planned for the occasion and all are expecting a great time. One thing is peculiar. I have not heard a single intimation as to which train was going to seek the convention for 1921. Usually one can get an idea by talking to the dealers, but the towns that are going to make a fight for it are keeping their plans to themselves. Personally, I think Tucson is the best place for the next convention, so they give the association strong support and have made a vigorous campaign before the convention."

Rippling Rhymes

In Kansas

IN KANSAS, when Old Boose went out, there was some walking round about. "Our fathers," some folks would complain, "they fought for liberty in vain; the boon for which they shed their blood is on the blink, its name is Mod." A little while they raised their furs, and never missed a chance to cuss the tyranny that banished booze, and quered the rights men late to lose. But soon they found that they were born; men wearied of their useless roars. And so they talked of other themes, and in their trances dreamed saner dreams, and in a little while, gadsdams, they learned to like the babbling brooks, from which they used not draw the foam, which cut them other to their home. And no one thought or talked of booze, of gaudy jags or princely stew. And those who worried days and nights because of our damned rights, who wildly gashed rebellious jaws, now yelped for still more drastic laws. Thus will it be the country o'er, when time has healed the spirits sore of dead game sports who now complain because their only drink is rum.

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For Healing The Sick.

HURRAY for alchemy and blood-letting! Hurray for powders and pills and all of the hokus pokus of medical mediocrity. Sharpen the scalpel and boil the old elixir. Calomel and castor oil have triumphed over dissenters. Dr. Byron L. Black has been convicted for curing somebody, for relieving pain and for using a type of medicine that lacks standing with the board of medical examiners—and is now in jail. He didn't give pills and he now rests behind the bars.

Nobody questions the vast service rendered to humanity by medical men of the old schools. But many of their friends dislike the attitude of opposition to new doctrines. There are still to be found medical bigots who think there is only one way to be cured. And if perchance some person recovers from a malady under the care of unorthodox ministrant he has no right to do so and the man who cured him must be punished.

It was a sad day when the doctors got into politics. Drugs as life-savers haven't, it seems, hurt the undertakers a bit. If, in the face of increasing ill, people turn to persons other than medical physicians for succor, they are hardly to be blamed. The only blame rests with doctors who disagree among themselves but who unite on one thing and that is to keep the sick tied to them by law.

Ethically and legally, Dr. Black is a bad, bad man. The doctors have diagnosed his case as chronic impotence and they fix for his case is to open the jail. A stiff fine also is "indicated."

Talking With The Departed.

FEW visitors from Europe to America in the past decade have attracted more interest than has Sir Oliver Lodge, eminent British scientist, who brings a message on a theme which is close to the hearts of men everywhere—communication with the dead. Others have been more loudly acclaimed, but they have come and gone and been forgotten, while Sir Oliver has set the country talking along lines which will never cease, so long as the mystery of death remains unsolved. If he is able to demonstrate his theory, his name will be listed with the immortals.

Sir Oliver believes, and no one doubts his sincerity, that the dead talk to us, not on rare occasions and through mediums, but whenever we desire to listen and directly. With such a message the distinguished Britisher is sure to be given an attentive hearing.

Every person, however skeptical, will want to hear all Sir Oliver has to say. He speaks on the one subject on which the whole world is of open mind. Comparatively few men actually believe the spirits of the departed talk with the living, but just as few are willing to assert that a thing cannot be. And if there exists any man who can throw light on this age old theme, every intelligent person wants to hear his story.

At any rate it will be a relief for a time to have something to think about besides war and rumors of war. Sir Oliver says proof of the survival of men will strengthen the hand of religion, and all will agree that the world needs religion now if it ever did.

David Lawrence says the Democrats do not cooperate with Wilson and we can all be thankful they don't.

America should discontinue her habit of erecting statues to men simply because they got enough votes.

Senator Reed should hush Hoover who challenge him to a debate in Ardmore, Oklahoma.

Times certainly have changed in Kentucky. No more booze and lynching is prohibited.

The way to tell for certain if you have grown fatter is to try on a discarded vest.

Murder will out, as Shakespeare said, but in El Paso county, what of it?

Little things are great to little men.

—Olive Goldsmith.

SCHOOL DAYS

No ho! You gonna send that little, dinky valentine to me? Gosh, I feel sorry for you. Merle Joe's gonna send her one big's a zoography, pink seta with silk fringe and hand paintin' onto it! Cost seventy-five cents! You kin see Pete Hoeder if it ain't so—ain't he Pete? You might's well chuck that in the air can.

Sure he is! I seen it. Hes got your time best, all lunky doney!

I seen em skatin' together up at the big bend las' night.



The end of a perfect heart.

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By DWIG

Letters To The Herald

"SAFETY FIRST"

Editor, El Paso Herald:

I have read your editorial relating to getting in public places.

You are correct about it, and the law should be enforced, especially on the street car lines of your city, and no doubt some of the conductors and conductors would contribute to the city funds.

A few days ago I happened to be one of the passengers on a Port Bliss car and was seated on the front end. A woman was also beside me. I felt a spray striking my face, and I thought it was raining; but discovered that the motorman was squirting his tobacco out of the front and window.

The woman beside me was forced to leave her seat, and I went to the rear end of the car and registered my complaint to the conductor. He kindly informed me that I could make my kick to the motorman personally, as he would gain the ill will of the man if he did not.

If this practice is to be permitted, I might suggest that the street car motorman play safety first and supply themselves with gas masks and sticks.

J. H. Hayes.

Good Homes Kill All

Bolshevism, Experts Say

Bridgeport, Conn., Feb. 14.—Representatives of 20 to 40 corporations or cities in the state having housing problems came here on the invitation of the Housing association of the Manufacturers' association of the state, to inspect the groups of houses erected by the government, the Remington Arms company, and the Bridgeport Housing company.

In the conference following the inspection, it was agreed that proper homes for workmen killed discount and Bolshevism.

Short Snatches From Everywhere

How would you like to have the hat checking privileges for the presidential ring this year?—New York Mail.

Nowadays if a man's collar is wet he doesn't send for a plumber; he sends for his friends. —Baltimore American.

Speaking of the causes of industrial unrest, one of them may be set down as too much rest.—Portland (Ore.) Telegram.

The Bolsheviks are reported to be invading Armenia. The Armenians probably will soon be saying: Give us back the Turks.—Tampa State Journal.

Tennessee announces the founding of a woman's bank. We feel, however, that many women will continue to take more stock in the stocking.—Columbia Record.

A correspondent suggests that the whole burden of local taxation be laid on the shoulders of the bachelor. This would be a new sort of "single tax."—Minneapolis Journal.

Secretary Daniels says admiral Sims must establish every charge he has made against the conduct of the navy department. Good gracious! Suppose he should!—San Francisco Julian.

Wonder What A Stuffed Fish Thinks About

By Briggs

YOU'RE SURE WOULD LAUGH TO HEAR WHAT MY PRESENT OWNER TELLS HIS FRIENDS. OF COURSE I WAS GIVEN TO HIM

BUT HE GOES SO FAR AS TO TELL WHAT KIND OF BAIT AND TACKLE HE USED TO LAND ME.

HE SAYS I GAVE HIM AN AWFUL HARD RIGHT AND ALL THE USUAL LINE OF TALK THAT THEY ALL SPRING

LET'S SEE I'VE BEEN TEN YEARS. I'D GIVE ANYTHING FOR A GOOD DRINK

BUT I HEARD MY OWNER TELL A FRIEND HE HADN'T A THING IN THE HOUSE TO DRINK. SOME LIAR!

BRIGGS

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EL PASO HERALD

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